THE FIREBRAND.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

enyright, 1901, by S. R. Crockett.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. mon Garcia, known as El Sarria, having been o believe that his wife Dolores is unfaithfu kissing Dolores through the window. pasumably kissing Dolores through the window. By estates are confiscated and he becomes a hunted an. At the same time a young Scotch adventurer, fallo Blait, comes to Spain, and during an inn quarils sided by John Mortimer, an Englishman. The iso start to visit Don Baltassar, Abbot of the Monstery of Monthianch. Blair and Mortimer are entrained invisity by the Abbot, and meet Etienne St. Pietre, a French gallant who is studying for holy start. These three, with El Sarria, who has found the start of the monastery, are commissioned by

the state of the house of the common and the state of the capture the Queen Riegent, and her little daughter, in the interests of the Church.

En route from the camp of Cabrera, the Carlist General, they pass the home of El Sarria, who learns that Dolores was not felias to him and that his downful was plotted by Luts Fernandes. Dolores is imprisoned in Luts's home and the son to whom she had just given birth is about to be buried alive by Luts's brother, Tomas, when El Sarria falls upon him. El Sarria rescues his child and takes it to the hotel the Hely Innocents, where Conchas, a him El Sarria rescues his child and takes it to the him El Sarria rescues his child and takes it to the convent of the Holy Innocents, where Conchas, a dose friend of Dolores, is also staying. Then aided by Rollo Biair and his companions, he captures Fernander's home and rescues his wife. Biair and his comrades, captured by Gen. Cabrers, cannot prove comrades, captured by Gen. Cabrers, cannot prove their sympathy with the Carlist cause because Biair their sympathy with the Carlist cause because Biair Tas forced to leave his credentials at the convent as security for Dolores. They are sentenced to be shot adapterak.

CHAPTER XXI.

"TO BE SHOT AT SUNRISK!" The Carlist soldiers conducted Rollo and his three friends to the granary of the Mill House, where they were permitted to recline as best they might upon the various piles of grain heaped here and there in preparation for the work of the morrow.

Rollo and el Sarria were placed at one side of the granary and at the other Etienne and John Mortimer lay at full length upon heap of corn. Between paced a sentry ith musket and bayonet.

As before, owing to the position of Sarria among its mountains, the night fell keen and chill. The Carlists slept and snored all save the double guards placed over prisoners.

"Shall we try a rush? Is it any use?" whispered Rollo to el Sarria. The outlaw silently shook his head

He had long ago considered the position and knew that it was impossible. Cast back upon his own thoughts, Rolle eviewed many things, his short life, the

beckless ups and downs in which he had spent it but all without remorse or regret "I might have been a lawyer and lived to 100!" he said to himself. "It is better a it is. If I have done little good, perhaps I have not had time to do a great deal

Then very contentedly he curled himself up to sleep as best he might, only dreamily wondering if little Concha would be sorry

Ramon Garcia sat with his eyes fixed on the sentry who had ceased his to-andfro tramp up the centre, and now leaned gloomily against the wall, his hands crossed shout the crossbar of his sword bayonet

Rollo was not wholly comfortable on his couch of grain. The bonds about his feet galled him, having been more tightly drawn than those of his companious in virtue of his chiefship. Nevertheless be got a good deal of sleep and each time that he awake it seemed to him that el Sarria was staring harder at the sentry and that the man had moved a little nearer. At last, turning his head a little to one side, he heard distinctly the low murmu

"Do you remember Pancorbo?" Rollo could not hear the answer, but he

caught the outlaw's next question.

"And have you forgotten el Sarria, who. having a certain Miguelete under the point of his knife, let him go for his aweetheart's sake, because she was waiting for

down in the valley?" The sentry's reply was again inaudiple but Rollo was fully awake now. Ramon Garcia had not abandoned hope, and why should he? When there was anything to be done none could be so alert as Rolle

"I am el Sarria thé outlaw." Ramon went on, "and these are my companions. We are no traitors, but good Carlists to a man. Our papers are --

Here the words were spoken so low that Rollo could not hear more, but the next moment he was nudged by Ramon on the leg.

her to bring the papers here at once if she would save our lives. You are sure she is faithful?"

would save our lives. You are sure she is faithful?"
I am sure, said Rollo, who really had no reason for his confidence, except the truth of her eyes.
Then the young man, turning his back upon the dozing guard in the stone windowsill, wrote with some difficulty the following note, lying on his back and using the uneven floor of the granary for a desk:
Little Concha, it ran, we are Gen Cabrera's prisoners. Bring the papers as soon as you receive this. Otherwise we are to be shot at daybreak.
There was still a little space left upon the leaf of Alcoy paper, and with a half-shamefaced giance at el Sarria, he added: And in any case do not wholly forget R.B.
He passed the note to the outlaw, who felded it to the size of a postage stamp,

He passed the note to the outlaw, who folded it to the size of a postage stamp, and apparently gave directions where and to whom it was to be delivered.

"In half an hour we shall be relieved, and I will go," said the Carlist ex-Miguelete, and resumed his steady tramp.

Rollo fell asleep again. And so soundly this time that he only woke to consciousness when a soldier in a white boina pulled roughly at his elbow and ordered him to get up.

All about the granary the Carlists were stamping feet, pulling on boots and flapamping feet, pulling on boots and flapping arms.

It is a cold morning to be shot in, said
the man, with rough kindliness, but I
will get you some hot chocolate in a moment.
That will warm your blood for you, and in
any case you will have a quick passage.
I will pick you a firing party of the best
chots in the three provinces. The General
will be here in a quarter of an hour and the
out will rise in another quarter. One is

our will rise in a nother quarter. One is just as punctual as the other. A cigarette? Thank you Well, you are a cool hand! I'm off to see about the chocolate."

And Rollo Blair, with a slight singing in his cars and an emptiness about the pit of his stomach, stood on his feet, critically rolling a cigarette in a leaf of Etienne's along paper.

paper, in Mortimer said nothing, but looked the man who had gone for the choco-

wish it had been coffee," he said

to be smiled a little grimly.

In the was secretly fingering his beads.

El Sarria thought with satisfaction he safety of Dolores. He had given tops of Concha a full hour ago. The extended in the had doubtless again played the

d is they passed through the ground hask with its thick woolly essating flour dust, a trumpet blev without, ey board the trampling of horses in

be your chocolate. Nothing like it reightening the knee joints at a time is. I've seen men die on wine and and on transfy. But for me, give

giving stuff to the accompaniment of clattering hoofs and jingling accountements.

"Come," said the voice again, "give me the cup. Do not keep the General waiting. He is in no good temper this norning, and we are to march immediately."

The young man stepped out of the mill door into the crisp chiliness of the dawn. All the east was a glory of blood-red cloud, and for the second time Rollo and his companions stood face to face with Gen. Cabrera. It was within a quarter of an hour of the sun rising.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was, as the soldier had said truly, a cold morning to be shot in. But the Carlists, accustomed to Cabrera's summary methods, appeared to think but little of the matter and jested as the firing parties were selected and drawn out.

"To the garden!" whispered Luis Fernandez to Cabrera.

"To the garden!" commanded the General, lighting a new cigarette and puffing vigorously. "And at this point I may as well bid you good-by, gentlemen. I wish our acquaintance had been pleasanter. But the fortune of war, gentlemen!" HIS MOTHER'S ROSARY.

men!"

Not one of them uttered a word. John Mortimer, seeing there was now no chance of making his thousand pounds, set an example of unbending dignity. He knew that the eyes of many were upon him, and he resolved not to shame the perform-

Etienne faced his death like the son of an ancient race and a good Catholic. He could not have a confessor, but he said his prayers, committed his soul to God and the Virgin, and faced the black muzzles not greatly abashed.

As for el Sarria, death was his metier, his familiar friend. He had lived with him for years as a man with a wife, rising

his familiar friend. He had lived with him for years as a man with a wife, rising up and lying down, eating and breathing in his company. Dolores and her babe were safe. He asked no more.

And not less readily fell into line Rollo Blair. The young Scot clicked his heels together as if on parade and strode out with head erect and squared shoulders in the rear of his companions.

The four men stood in order, Mortimer and Etienne in the middle, with slim Rollo and the giant Ramon towering on either flank.

flank.
"Load with ball—at six paces—make

ready!"

The officer's commands rang out with a certain haste, for he could already hear the clattering of the horses of the General's cavalcade, and he knew that if upon his arrival he had not carried out his orders

arrival he had not carried out his orders he might expect a severe reprimand.

But it was not the General's suite that rode so furiously. The sound came from a contrary direction. Two horses were being ridden at speed, and at sight of the four men set in order against the wall the foremost rider sank her spurs into her white mare and dashed forward with a wild cry.

white mare and dashed forward with a wild cry.

The officer already had his sword raised in the air, the falling of which was to be the signal for the volley of death. But it did not fall. Something in the aspect of the rider as she swept up parallel with the low garden wall, her hair floating disordered about her shoulders, her eyes black and shining like stars, the sheaf of papers she waved in her hand, all compelled him to suspend that last irrevocable order.

was Concha Cabezos who came when It was Concha Cabezos who came when the eleventh hour was long past, and leaped from her reeking horse opposite the place of execution. With her, wild-haired as a Menad, rode La Giralda, cross legged

of execution. With her, wild-haired as a Mænad, rode La Giralda, cross legged like a man.

"Gen. Cabrera! Where is Gen. Cabrera?" cried Concha. "I must see him instantly. These are no traitors. They are true men and in the service of Don Carlos. Here are their papers!"

"Where is Ramon Cabrera? Tell me quickly!" cried La Giralda. "I have news for him. I was with his mother when she died. Let me see Ramon Cabrera, whom of old I sucked at my breasts!"

Round the angle of the Mill House swept the General and his staff, brilliant in scarlet and white, heightened by the glitter of abundant gold lace.

As his eyes fell on the row of men, dark against the dusky adobe of the garden wall, and on the two pale women, a dark frown overspread his face.

"What is the meaning of this?" he cried.

"Why have you not obeyed your instructions? Why are these men not dead?"

The officer trembled and began an explanation, pointing to Concha and La Giralda, both of whom stood for a moment motionless. Then, filinging herself over the low wall of the garden, as if bur

over the low wall of the garden, as if her years had more nearly approached 17 than 70, La Giralda caught the great man

than 70, La Giralda caught the great man by the stirrup.

"Little Ramon, Ramon Cabrera," she cried, "have you forgotten your old nurse, La Giralda of Seville, your mother's gossip, your own playmate?"

The General turned full upon her, with the quick, indignant threat of one who considers himself duped in his countenance. It had gone ill with La Giralda if she had not been able to prove her case, but she held something in her hand, the sight of which brought the Butcher of Tortosa down from his saddle as quickly as if a Christino bullet had pierced him to the heart.

to the heart.
"My mother's rosary!" he cried, and sinking on his knees, he devoutly received and kissed it. He abode thus a moment looking up to the sky—he, the man who had waded in blood during six years of bitter

waded in blood during six years of bitter warfare.

"And these—" said Cabrera. "Do you know these dogs. La Giralda?"

La Giralda drew a quick breath. Would the hold she had over him be sufficient for what she was about to ask?

"These are no traitors, General," she said: "they are true men and deep in the councils of the cause."

She bent and whispered in his ear words which others could not hear. The face of the Carlist General darkened from a dull pink to purple and then his color ebbed away to a ghastly ashen white as he listened.

of the Carlist General darkened from a dull pink to purple and then his color ebbed away to a ghastly ashen white as he listened.

For La Giralda was telling him the tale of his mother's shooting by Nogueras.

Then all suddenly he reseated himself, and beckoned to Concha.

"Come hither," he said. "Let me see these fellows' papers and tell me how they came into your hands."

Concha was ready.

"The senor, the tall stranger, had a mission to the lady superior of the convent, she began. "From Don Balthasar Varela it was, prior of the great Carlist monastery of Montblanch. He trusted his papers into her hands as a guarantee of his loyalty and good faith, and here they are."

Concha flashed them from her bosom and laid them in the General's hand. Mostly Cabrera was blind to female charms, but upon this occasion his eye rested with pleasure on the quick and subtle grace of the Andaluce.

"Then you are a nun?" he queried, looking sharply at her figure and dress.

"Ah. no," smiled Concha, thinking with some hopefulness that she was at least to have a hearing." I am not even a lay sister. The good Lady Superior had need of a housekeeper—one who should both he free of the convent and yet able to transact business without the walls.

Calvera looked at the papers. There was a Carlist commission in the name of Don Rollo Blair duly made out, a letter from Gen. Elio, chief of the staff, commending all the four by name and description to all good servants of Don Carlos, as trustworthy persons engaged on a dangerous and secret mission, Most of all, however, he seemed to be impressed with the ring belonging to Etienne, with its revolving gem and concealed portrait of Carlos, as trustworthy persons engaged on a dangerous and secret mission, Most of all, however, he seemed to be impressed with the ring belonging to Etienne, with its revolving gem and concealed portrait of Carlos, as trustworthy persons engaged on a dangerous and secret mission, host of all, however, he seemed to her presence Etienne came at the word calm as usual,

Then I presume you do not care to part

rith it?" said Cabrera, turning it about on his finger and holding it this way and n his finger and holding it this way and hat to the light.

"No," said Etienne coolly. "You see, my ousin might not give me another."

But the Butcher of Tortosa could be as imple and direct in his methods as even tello himself.

simple and direct in his methods as even Rolle himself.

"Will you give it to me?" he said, still admiring it as it flashed upon his finger.

Etienne locked at the General calmly from head to foot.

"Do you still intend to shoot us?" he re-

plied.
"What has that to do with the matter?"
growled Cabrera, who was losing his tem-

Because if you do." said Etienne, who had been waiting his opportunity, you are welcome to the jewel—after I am dead. But if I am to live, I shall require it for

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BURNING OF THE MILL HOUSE.

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Cabrera bit his lip for a moment, frowned still more darkly, and then—burst into a roar of laughter.

Among the letters which had formed part of Rollo's credentials there was one superscribed, "To be opened in the camp of Gen. Cabrera."

Cabrera dismissed the firing party with a wave of his hand, the officer exchanging an encouraging nod with Rollo. Then he summoned that young man to approach. Rollo saluted the General with his usual

f-possession.
"Well, Colonel," said the latter, "I little "Well, Colonel," said the latter, "I little thought to exchange civilities with you again, but you have to thank this young lady. The fortune of war once more. But if young men will entrust precious papers to pretty girls they must have a fund of gratitude upon which to draw—that is, when the ladies arrive in time. On this occasion it was most exactly done. Yet you must have lived through some very crowded moments while you faced the muzzles of yonder rifles." And he pointed to the lane down which the firing party was defiling.

Rollo bowed, but did not reply, awaiting the General's pleasure. Presently Cabrera.

the General's pleasure. Presently Cabrera recollecting the sealed letter in his hand

recollecting the sealed letter in his hand, gave it unopened to the youth.

"There," he said, "that I see, is to be opened in the camp of Gen. Cabrera. Well-where Cabrera is there is his camp. Open it, and let us see what it contains."

"I will, General," said the young Scot, in so far, that is, as it concerns your Excellency."

cellency.

The Carlist General sat watching Rollo keenly as he broke the seal and discovered a counte of inclosures. One was sealed and the other open. The first he presented to Cabrera who, observing the hand-serving of the superscription, changed color. sented to Cabrera, who, observing the hand-writing of the superscription, changed color. Meanwhile, without paying any attention to him, Rollo read his own communication from beginning to end. It ran as follows: "To the man who shall be chosen by our trusted Councillor for the Mission Ex-traordinary in the service of Carlos Ouinto—these.

"You will receive from Gen. Cabrera "You will receive from Gen. Cabrera such succor and assistance as may seem to you needful in pursuance of the project you have in hand, namely, the capturing of the young Queen Isabella together with her mother, the so-called Regent Christina. Thereafter you will bring them with all diligence to within our lines, observing all the respect and courtesy due to their exalted rank and to the sex to which they belong.

"At the same time you are held indemni-fied for all killings of such as may stand in your way in the execution of the duty laid upon you, and by order of the King himself you hereby take rank as a full Colonel in

Meanwhile, Cabrera had been bending Meanwhile, Cabrera had been bending his brows over the note which had been directed to him. He arose and paced the length of the garden wall with the letter in his hand, while Rollo stood his ground with an unmoved countenance. Presently he stopped opposite the young man and stood regarding him intently.

"I am to furnish you with men for this venture," he said, "good—but I am at liberty to prove you first. That you are cool and brave I know. We must find out whether you are loyal as well.

"I am as loval as any Spaniard who ever drew breath," retorted Rollo, hotly, "and in this matter I will answer for my companions as well—

in this matter I will all the panions as well—
"I am no unfriend to plainness, sir, either in speech or action," said Cabrera. "I see you are, indeed, a brave fellow and will not lessen the King's chances of coming to his own by letting you loose on the men under my command. Still, for one day you will not object to ride with us!"

Rollo colored high.

"General," he said, "I will not conceal it from you that I have wasted too much time already; but if you wish for our assistance in your designs for twenty-four hours, I am not the man to deny you.

"I thought not," cried Cabrera, much pleased, "and now have you any business to despatch before we leave this place? If so, let it be seen to at once."

f so, let it be seen to at once.

"None. Excellency," said Rollo, "save hat if you are satisfied of our good faith should like to see Luis Fernandez, the

I should like to see Luis Fernandez, the miller, dealt with according to his deserts. "I will have him shot instantly," cried Cabrera. "He has given false tidings to his Majesty's Generals. He hath belied his honest servants. Guard, bring Luis Fernandez hither!"
This was rather more than Rollo had bargained for. He was already meditating an appeal for milder measures when the guard returned with the news that Luis Fernandez was nowhere to be found. Dwell-

bargained for. He was already meditating an appeal for milder measures when the guard returned with the news that Luis Fernandez was nowhere to be found. Dwelling house, strong room, mill, garden and gorge beneath—all had been searched.

"The rascal has escaped," cried Cabrera, full of rage, "Have I not told you a thousand times you keep no watch. Well, set a torch to it and see if he is lurking anywhere about the crevices like a centipede in a crack."

Cabrera felt that he had wasted a great deal of time on a fine morning without shooting somebody, and it would certainly have gone ill with Don Luis or his brother if either of them had been compelled by the fiames to issue forth from the burning Mill House of Sarria.

But they were not there. The cur dogs of the village and a few half-starved mongrels that followed the troops had great sport worrying the rats which darted continually from the burning granaries. But of the more important human rats no sign.

All the inhabitants of the village were there, likewise held back from plundering by the bayonets of the Carlist troops. They stood recounting to each other the stores of clothes, the silk curtains, the uncut pieces of broadcloth, the household linen, the great eight-day clocks in their gilt ormolu cases. Every woman had something to add to the catalogue. Every householder felt keenly the injustice of permitting so much wealth to be given to the crackling flames.

Suddenly Cabrera turrned upon them.

"Hearken, ye villagers of Sarria" he cried. I have burned the home of a traitor. If I hear of any shelter being granted to Luis Fernandez or his brother within your bounds I swear by the honor of my mother that on my return I will burn every house within your walls and shoot every man of you capable of bearing arms. You have heard of Ramon Cabrera. Let that be enough."

CHAPTER XXIV

HOW TO RECOME A SOLDIER. How To RECOME A SOLDIER.

The change in the aspect of affairs would have made a greater difference to most companies of adventurers than it did to that of which Master Rollo Blair of Blair Castle in the Shire of Fife was the leader. In the morning they had all risen with the expectation of being shot with the sun rising. At 10 of the clock they were speeding southward on good horses holding acknowledged rank and position in the army of the Only Catholic and Religious Sovereign.

Sovereign.
It was not without sadness that Rollo It was not without sadness that Rollo looked his last on the white walls of the convent of the Holy Innocents. He was glad, indeed, to have placed bolores in safety glad that she and her child were together and that the good sisters were responsible for them. Between them the four had made up a purse to be sent back by Concha to the Mother Superior to be applied for the behand of her guests till the better days should come and Kamen Garcia be able to claim his wife and first-born see.

But Couchs had refused point blank
"The babe came through the wiches. The
mother arrived by night a fugitive asking
pity like the Virgin heeing down to Egypt
in the pictures, "and Couchs. "The convent

needs no aims nor does the Lady Superior sell her help. Keep the money, lads. If I am not a fool you will need it more than the sisterhood of the Holy Innocents before you come to your journey's end."

And with that she blew them each a dainty kiss, distinguishing no one above the other, dropped a courtest to the General, where

dropped a courtesy to the General, whose eyes followed her with more than usual interest, leaped on her white mare and rode off attended by La Giralda riding astride

off attended by La Giralda riding astride like a man in the same fashion in which she had arrived
So little Concha was gone from his sight, and duty loomed up suddenly gaunt and void of interest before Rollo.

It was not long before Cabrera dropped back, that he might talk over ways and means with the young Colonel. It was clear that the guerrilla chieftain did not believe greatly in the project.

clear that the guerrilla chieftain did not believe greatly in the project.

"I do not understand all this," he said.

"It is not my way. What have we to do with taking women and children prisoners? Let us have no truck, barter or exchange with the Government at Madrid except at the point of the bayonet. That is my way of it, and if my advice had been taken before

it, and if my advice had been taken before my master would at this moment have been in the Royal Palace of his ancestors. But these secret embassies in the hands of foreigners—what good can come of them?" Rollo explained such things as the Abbot of Montblanch had made clear to him, namely, that the Regent and her daughter were by no means averse to Holy Church nor yet eager to keep the true King out of his own. But they were in the power of unscrupulous men—Mendizabal, Linares and others, who for their own ends published edicts and compelled the ladies to sign them. If they were captured and sequestered for their own good, the Ministry would break down and Don Carlos would reign undisturbed.

Rollo thought the exposition a marvel Rollo thought the exposition a marvei of clearness and point. It was somewhat disappointing, therefore, when he had finished to hear from Cabrera the unmoved declaration: "A Christino is a Christino, whether in the palace of Madrid or on the mountains of Morella. And the quickest way is the best way with such

the quickest way is the best way with such a one, wherever met with."
"But you do not mean to say that you would shoot the girl Queen or the mother Regent if they fell into your hands?" cried Rollo, aghast at the horror.

The deep, underlying anger leaped up flery red into the eves of the guerrilla chief.
"Ave, that would I," he cried. "as quickly as they slew my own old mother in the barrack yard of Tortosa!"
Cabrera was silent for awhile after making this speech, and then abruptly de-

Cabrera was silent for awhile after making this speech, and then abruptly demanded of Rollo how many men he would require for the undertaking.

"I am bidden to place my entire command at your service!" he said with obvious reluctance, glancing out of his little oblique eyes at the young Colonel.

Rollo considered awhile before answering.

"It is my opinion that the fewer men the lever men concerned in such a venture the greater the chances of success," he said, at last. "Furnish me with one petty officer inti-mately acquainted with the country be-tween Zaragoza and San Ildefonso, and I

rill ask no more." Cabrera drew a long breath and looked at the young man with infinitely more approval than he had before manifested. He was indeed immensely relieved to find the desires of our hero so moderate He had been directed to supply him with He had been directed to supply him with whatever force he required, and he expected to be deprived of a regiment at least, at a most critical time in the affairs of the Absolute King.

"Young man," he said, "you will certainly be shot or hanged before you are a month older. Nevertheless, in the meantime, I would desire to have the honor of shaking

I would desire to have the bonor of shaking you by the hand. If you were not to die so soon, undoubtedly you would go far! It is a pity. And the Cristinos are bad shots. They will not do the job half as creditably as my fellows would have done this morning!

The man who was chosen by Cabrera to accompany them on their mission was of a most remarkable appearance. Tall, almost as tall as el Sarria, he was yet distinguished from his fellows by a most notable gauntness and angularity of figure. The iron gravity of his countenance, seamed on the right-hand side by a deep scar, took no new expression when he was detailed by his General for this new and dangerous mission. With a single salute he fell out and in

with a single salute he fell out and in-stantly attached himself to Rollo, whom he relieved of his knapsack and water bottle on the spot. Sergt. Cardono paid no attention whatever to the other three, whom he evidently regarded as very sub-

ordinate members of the expedition.

As soon as they arrived at the village where they were to part from the command of Cabrera. Sergt. Cardono promptly disappeared. He was not seen for several hours, during which Rollo and el Sarria wandered here and there, endeavoring in that poor place to pick up some sustenance which would serve them in lieu of a dinner. They had but poor success A round of black bread, a fowl of amazing age, vitality and muscular development, and a few snails were all they could obtain by their best persuasions, aided by the money with which Rollo was plentifully supplied.

Rollo and el Sarria were carrying their

Rollo and el Sarria were carrying their

Rollo and el Sarris were carrying their scanty prey to a house, where a decent-looking woman had agreed to cook it for them, when their gloomy reveries were interrupted by a sudden apparition which burst upon them as they stood on the crest of a deep hollow.

The limestone hills had been rent asunder at the place, and from the bare faces of the rocks the neighboring farmers and villagers had quarried and carried away such of the overhanging blocks as could easily be trimmed to suit their purposes.

Part of what remained had been shaped into a hornito, or stone oven, under which a fire had been kindled, and a strange figure moved about, stirring the glowing chara fire had been kindled, and a strange figure moved about, stirring the glowing char-coal with a long bar of iron. On a smaller hearth nearer at hand a second fire biazed, and the smell of fragrant cookery rose to the expectant and envious nostrils of the four.

to the expectant and envious nostrils of the four.

It was Sergt. Cardono, who moved about whistling softly, now attending to the steaming olla now watching the rising bread in the hornito.

Perceiving Rollo, he saluted gravely and remarked: "Dinner will be served in half an hour." The others, as before, he simply ignored. But in deference to his new commander he stopped whistling and moved about with his lean shoulders squared, as if on parade.

When the dinner was ready Sergt. Cardono announced it to Rollo as if he had been serving a Prince. And what was the young man's astonishment to find a table, covered with decent white cloth spread under the shelter of a limestone rock, spread for three and complete even to table napkins, which the sergeant had tied into various curious shapes.

As they filed down the slope the sergeant stood at attention, but when el Sarria passed he quickly beckoned him aside with a private gesture.

"Ver and I will set after the foreigners."

vate gesture.

You and I will eat after the foreigners, he explained.

El Sarria drew himself up somewhat proudly, but Sergi. Cardono whispered in his ear two or three words which appeared to astonish him so much that he did as he was bid and stood aside while John Mortimer and Etienne de Saint Pierre seated the caselyes.

El Sarria helped the sergeant to serve El Sarria helped the sergeant to serve the meal, which was at once the proof of his foraging ability and his consummate geniue as a cook. For though the day was Priday the soun was very far from meagre. The stew contained both lamb and fresh pork, cut into generous cubes, with a sufficiency of savory fat included. A sausage had been sliced small for seasoning, and the whole had been so smothered in garbanzos, haricot beans, rice and mixed with strips of toothsome salt fish that done Mortimer bent and said a well-deserved blessing over the viands.

"I don't usually in this country," he explained, but really this is what my good old father would call a manifest Providence. That fellow of ours will prove a treasure.

cide father would call a mantiest Providence That fellow of ours will prove a
treasure.

'It seems so,' said Rollo, a little grimly.

'that is, if he can seout and fight as well
as he can cater and cook.

It was indeed with a feeling of intense
relief that the little essinganty of five men
separated from the wisite and red beings
of the lumber General's cavalends. Well
affected to them as Caberra might be for
the turn heing, his favor was so brief and
assertials, his affection so tigerlike, that

even Sergt. Cardono sixhed a sigh of satisfaction when they turned their horses beads toward the far-away Guadarama, beyond which lay the goal of their ad-

beyond which lay the goal of their adventuring.

Rollo rode gloomily apart. He was turning over the terms of his commission in his mind, and the more he thought the less he was satisfied. It was not alone the desperateness of the venture that daunted Rollo, but the difficulty of previding for the Queen Regent and little Princers when captured. There were a couple of hurdred miles to ride back to those northern fastnesses where they would be safe, and for the most part without cover and through country swarming with Nationals and Christino partisans.

Riding thus in deep meditation, Rollo, whose gaze was usually so alert, did not observe away to the right a couple of horses ridden at speed and rapidly overtaking their more tired beasts.

El Sarris, however, did not fail to note them, but, fearing a belated message of recall from Gen. Cabrera, did not communicate his discovery to his companions, but contented himself with keeping his eye upon the approaching riders.

but contented himself with keeping his eye upon the appreaching riders.

Rollo was, therefore, still advancing, his reins flung loosely upon his beast's neck and his whole attitude betokening a melancholy resignation, a couple of lengths before his companions, when a sudden clattering of hoofs startled him. He looked up, and there, on her white mare, well lathered at girth and bridle, was little Concha Cabezos, sitting her panting boast with the grace of the true Andaluce. Andaluce.

Her hair was a little ruffled by the wind.

Her hair was a little ruffled by the wind. Her cheeks and lips were adorably red. There was a new and brilliant light in her eye; and after one curiously comprehensive glance at the company, she turned about to look for her companion, La Giralda, who presently cantered up on a lumbering Estramentan gelding. La Giralda sat astride as before, her lower limbs, so far as these were apparent, being closely clad in leather, a loose skirt over them preserving in part the appearance of sex. f sex.

Rollo was dumb with sheer astonish

ment. He could only gaze at the flushed cheek, the tingling electric glances, the air, completely unconscious and innocent, of the girl before him.

"Concha!" he cried aloud, "Concha what do you here? I thought I imagined you were safe at the Convent of the Holy Innocents!"

CHAPTER YYV

"I too, have a mission, I would have you know," said Concha, a dangerous coquetry showing through her grave demeanor, "a secret mission from the mother superior of the Convent of the Holy Innocents. Do not attempt to penetrate the secret. I assure you it will be quite useless. And pray do not suppose that only you can adventure forth on perilous quests!"

"I assure you," began Rollo, eagerly, "that I suppose no such thing. At the moment when you came up I was wishing with all my heart that the responsibility of the present undertaking had been laid on any other shoulders than mine!"

Yet in spite of his modesty, certain it is that from that moment Rollo rode no longer with his head hanging down like a willow blown by the wind. The reins lay no more lax and abandoned on his horse's neck. On the contrary, he sat erect and looked abroad with the air of a commander, and his hand rested oftener. THE MISSION OF THE SECORITA CONCRA

commander, and his hand rested oftener the hilt of Killiekrankie with the air of ide which Concha privately thought

most becoming.

"And in what case left you my wife and babe?" suddenly demanded El Sarria, riding up and inquiring somewhat imperiously of the new recruit concerning the matters. of the new recruit concerning the matters which touched him most nearly.

"The Senora Dolores is safe with the good sisters, and in former times, as I was known to have been her companion, it was judged safest that I should not longer to see the companion of the second of the peighburhood. Likewise

it was judged safest that I should not longer be seen in the neighborhood. Likewise I was charged with the tidings that Luis Fernandez with a company of Cristino Miguelites has been seen riding southward to cut you off from Madrid, whither it was supposed you were bound! Rollo turned quickly upon her with some anger in his eye. "Why did not you tell me that at first?" he said.

Concha smiled a subtle smile and turned her eyes upon the ground. "If you will remember, I had other matters to communicate to your Excellency," she said, "This matter of Luis Fernandez slipped my memory, till it was my good fortune to be reminded of it by Don Ramon."

More than once Rollo endeavored to

More than once Rollo endeavored to extract from Concha to what place her assumed mission had taken her, and at what point she would leave them. It was in vain. The lady baffled all his endeavors with the most consummate ease.

"You have not communicated to me," she said, "the purport of your own adventure. How, then, can I tell at what place our ways divide?"

"I am forbidden to reveal to any save Gen. Cabrera alone my secret instruc-

"I am forbidden to reveal to any save
Gen Cabrera alone my secret instructions!" said Rollo with such dignity as he
could muster at short notice.

"And I," retorted Concha, "am as strictly
forbidden to reveal mine to Gen, Cabrera
or even to that notable young officer, Col.
Don Rollo of the surname which resembles
a burrico's serenade!"

The speech would have been undoubtedly
the save for the glance which accompanied

The speech would have been undoubtedly rude save for the glance which accompanied it, given softly, yet daringly from beneath a jetty fringe of evelash.

Nevertheless, all Rollo Blair's pride of ancestry rose insurgent within him. Who was this Andalusian waiting maid that she should speak lightly of the descendant of that Blair of Blair castle who had stood for Bruce and freedom on the field of Bannockburn? It was unbearable and yet, well, there was something uncommon

for Bruce and freedom on the field of Bannockburn? It was unbearable—and yet, well, there was something uncommon about this girl. And, after all, was it not the mark of a gentleman to pay no heed to the babbling of women's tongues? If they did not any one thing they would another. Besides, he cared nothing what this girl might say. A parrot prattling in a cage would affect him as much.

And ever as they rode the Guadarama Mountains rose higher and whiter out of the vast and hideous plain, the only interruption to the circling horizon of brown and parched corn land.

At one point, indeed, they passed near enough to distinguish in the far north the snowflecked buttresses of the Sierra de Moncayo. But those they knew were the haunts of their Carlist allies. The towns and villages of the plain, however, were invariably held by Nationals, and it had often gone hard enough with them had not Sergeant Cardono detached himself from the cavalcade, and, venturing alone into the midst of the enemy, by methods of his own produced the materials for many an excellent fineal. At last, one day the Sergeant came back to the party with an added gloom on his long, lean, lanternjawed face. He had brought with him an Estramaduran ham, a loaf of wheaten bread and a double string of sausages. But upon his descending into the temporary camp which sheltered the party in the bottom of a barrance, or deep crack in the narched plateau overgrown with scented thyme and dwarfoak, it became obvious that he had news of the most serious import to communicate.

To be continued. A GAS JET YOU CAN BLOW OUT.

Remben When He Comes to Town.

the most serious import to communicate

PINGHAMTON, Aug. 17. A gentleman connected with the Dinghamton State Hospital for the Insane has invented a device which should be a boon to Reuben when he comes to town. It is a gas burner without any serious results following.
The burner is constructed on the principle The burner is constructed on the terrespic-tion menals are expanded in heat and con-tracted by cold. When the gas is blown out the cooling of the metal is the burner closes a valve, which provents the illum-inating fluid from escaping, here than a minute passess before there is contraction enough to close the valve, and during this

Every Man. Memon or Child who reads Tat his is better for it intrinctionally Every solverings who were the age

time not enough gus run en alv

How Two Boys Went Swimming on the Tennis Court.

Copyright. 1801, by Charles Battell Loomis. The Cartwright house stood on a little hill overlooking Lafayette Valley. Its nearest neighbor was a half mile distant. and it had been chosen by Mr. Cartwright as an ideal place for his boys to grow up in, as it was the real country, and yet was not many miles distant from the city. About ten rods to the right of the house ran a saucy little brook that said a good for its size, and which, after winding along at the bottom of what had once been the bed of an artificial lake, tumbled through the broken stonework of the disused dam and hurried away to the Panabwa

Years before Mr. Cartwright had bough the place there had been a pretty pond there, deep enough to furnish swimming and rowing to the small boys of the vi-cinity, but that was before the great freshet of '79 broke down the dam. Up in the barn lay a rowboat that had borne many a party of children over the calm waters of the pond in the old days, but it was now used as a receptacle for odds and ends, and it had long since forgotten how

to float. When Mr. Cartwright bought the place he talked some of restoring the dam, but he had decided that it would not be worth the expense, and that, anyway, it was safer to have a brook, where only feet could be wet, than to have a lake, where it would be easy for boys to drown themselves. You see, Mrs. Cartwright, the boy's mother, had been born and brought up in the city, and she was almost as much afraid of water as a hen is. But Frank and Raiph were fine swimmers, thanks to the instruction of Jim, the coachman. and they would have hailed the pond with delight.

One day Mrs. Cartwright had to go town on the same train that took her hus-band to his office. She did not like the idea of leaving the boys alone with the servants, but there was nothing else to do, so with many misgivings she bade

them good-by.
"You'll be sure to be good boys and not worry the girls and not bother Jim. and remember to feed the hens and collect the eggs and do some weeding in the strawberry patch, wont you?" said she as she went down the path to the carriage.

"Oh, don't tell them so many things. "Oh, don't tell them so many things, or they'll forget them all," said Mr. Cartwright. "Boys, I want you to collect all the stones you can find in the north lot and pile them all up. That ought to keep you busy, and I'll give you a dollar between you if you make a good pile of them."

"Oh, and don't go in swimming anywhere," said their mother.

"No, not unless the water rises as high as the tennis court," said Mr. Cartwright in his whimsical way.

as the tennis court, said Mr. Cartwright in his whimsical way.

As the tennis court was fifteen feet from the brook and as even spring freshets never touched it, this was putting swimming out of the question, and the boys looked rueful, for it was a hot day.

"Can't we go down to the swimming hole if Jim goes along?" said Frank.

"No, not while we are away. You'll find that collecting stones is a great deal more fun."

find that collecting stones is a great deal more fun."

After Jim had driven the Cartwrights away the boys flung themselves down in the grass and thought of the cool swimming hole with regret, but they had given their word to their parents and they could not go in swimming unless the water did come up to the tennis court. And it was such a clear August day, with not a raincloud in sight.

such a clear August to cloud in sight.

"Let's go up and look at those stones," said Frank after awhile.

They found that there were stones a-plenty, most of them about the size of squashes. Mr. Cartwright had calculated squashes. squashes. Mr. Cartwright had calculated that if the boys worked as boys are in the habit of working, it would be an all-day job, and when the boys saw the field they decided that it was worth more than a dollar to do such hard work as that on a

they decided that it was worth more than a dollar to do such hard work as that on a summer's day.

Frank picked up a stone and flung it at a crow that was perched on a fence. "Say, Raiph, papa didn't tell us where he wanted those stones piled. Why not do it in the brook where the old dam stood. It might raise the water some, and papa didn't say we couldn't go in wading."

With such an end in view, the work took on the nature of play, and they collected stones with a good deal of energy. While they were hard at work Jim came driving back from the station.

"Why don't you use a stoneboat for that?" said he.

"Oh, the very thing," said both boys at once, and in a few minutes good natured Jim had harnessed Jack to the stoneboat and was helping the boys load it. The boat loaded, they all went down to the ruins of the dam. It had originally been about to feet high and twenty feet broad, and only break in it was just in the midd of a broak about six feet wide, through which the brook chattered noisily. The boys looked at it for a minute, and then Frank said, in his dry way: "I think that it would please papa if we got that old icehouse door and laid it across the dam so that the water couldn't carry the stones away, for he may want to use them for something else later."

Ralph giggled and walked through the

stones away, for he may want to use them for something else later."
Ralph giggled and walked through the brook with his shoes on just to see whether it was warm enough for swimming. "Mamma didn't say anything about wetting our feet this time, did she?" said he.

"Nope," said Frank, and followed his brother's example. When their shoes were nicely soaked they went with Jim up to the icehouse to look at the door.

"Just the very thing," said Frank, and Jim helped them put it on a wheelbarrow, and then he trundled it down to the stream. When it was placed across the brook it was found to fit as if it had been made for its position.

its position.

The little brook came running down, and when it found this obstruction it tried and when it found this obstruction it tried to creep under, but it was too large to do it successfully, and so it began to spread out a little, and in a few minutes it had grown in depth from three inches to a foot.

"We need sods to hold the door in place," said Frank and willing Jim was soon cut-

said Frank, and willing Jim was soon cut-ting sods from the banks of the brook and heaving them against the base of the door.

This kept the little brook in place better than the door had done, and it be gan to rise and look around for a mean of escape Brooks do not like to stay of escape Brooks do not like to stay still. They are very American in their disposition and they long to be on the move all the time, and while this little brook did not mind the boys, still it was unable to chatter when standing still, and so it erept up inch by inch in order to get to the top of the door or to find some other

the top of the door or to find some other outlet and begin again its journey and its conversation.

The boys now began to hurl the stones with good effect, one at a time, into the bed of the brook close against the door, and when the linst stone was in place Master Brook was a prisoner indeed. He wept little tears that trickled through on the other side, but they did not amount to much, and he soon saw that there was nothing for him to do but to spread out until he came to an

he soon saw that there was nothing for him to do but to spread out until he came to an easy descent.

The boys went back to get more stones, and the little brook grew wider and whier and deeper and deeper until at last Jim, who had left them and was at work in the stable yard called out.

Say, your terms co't is all under water. With whoses of deaght the boys left the corn field and came rushing down to see for themselves. It was, indeed, true. The court was set on a sicult and the brook had crept up and had once more become a lake with no coat to Mr. (artwright beyond the dollar that he would one the boys for pilling up the stones.

and plunged into the pond from the edge of the tennis court.

Oh, how cool and pleasant the water was, and how extra nice it did seem to be swimming around where they walked ordinarily. They ducked and dived and splashed water, and floated and did everything that any one ever did at the swimming pool, and the thought that this pond was their own handiwork added a thousandfold to their satisfaction.

While they were at play Jim put the wooden boat on the stone boat and brought it down to the pond and shoved it into the water. It sprung a thousand leaks at once and went to the bottom, but after it had scaked for an hour or two the boys hauled it up to the shore and bailed it out, and then they found it was willing to float. After that they spent half the time rowing and half the time swimming, and when Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright came home in the afternoon, having been driven up from the station in the depot hack, they found the boys swimming over the net line of the tennis court.

Amazement, anger and amusement went ennis court.

boys swimming over the net line of the tennis court.

Amazement, anger and amusement went thirds on Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright's faces, and then anger got the uppermost, and Mr. Cartwright said:

"How dare you go swimming?"

"You said we might if the water came up to the tennis court." said Frank.

Mr. Cartwright had to admit that he had said so, and when he found that the stones were all cleared out of the north lot and that the boys had come to no harm with their boating and swimming, he called in a mason next day and the water was all drained off and a permanent dam put there, and now the boys can go swimming whenever they like.

"And we didn't disobey, did we, father?" said Frank.

said Frank.
"No, you kept the letter of the law."

NEGLECTED MISS LIBERTY. Gallant Army Officers Want to Take Care

of a Forgotten New York Pet. New Yorkers as a rule are not in the habit of visiting the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty on Bedlow's Island. They are used to seeing it and have lost interest in it. With the army officers and soldiers sta-tioned at Fort Wood on Bedlow's Island it is different. The big bronze figure they regard as a friend, and they marvel at the

tioned at Fort Wood on Bedlow's Island it is different. The big bronze figure they regard as a friend, and they marvel at the apparent neglect of the statue by the rest of the world. They wonder why the base has never been completed and why the approaches have been left as they are.

The original plans of the Citizens' Committee appointed at the time of the erection of the statue fifteen years age, have never been carried out. The plans called for approaches to the base of the statue, which would have cost a good deal of money. They were not built at the time and for the past fifteen years nothing has been done along that line. The funds of the committee have accumulated slowly and now there is \$40,000 at its disposal.

The old wooden stairways and platforms by which the statue is approached remain the same as they have been for years.

Some months ago, Major A. C. Taylor, of the Artillery Corps, who is the commanding officer at Fort Wood, and Capt. MacArthur, who has been stationed there for some time, became especially interested in the statue, and felt that the Citizens' Committee was not giving it enough attention. Bedlow's Island is under the iurisdiction of three sets of officials: the War Department, the Lighthouse Board of the Treasury Department and the Citizens' Committee. Major Taylor conceived the idea that the War Department could attend to the duty of looking after the one electric are light in the torch at a less expense than the Lighthouse Board. As a result, Col. D. P. Heap of the Engineer Corps, and Capt. William M. Taylor of the Navy Department, both of whom are members of the Lighthouse Board, visited the situation recommended to the Treasury Department. The Lighthouse Board, visited the situation recommended to the Treasury Department of the sastigned to the duties of lighthouse keeper and assistant and will attend to the running of the electric dynamo.

Major Taylor also words to Major-Gen. Brooke, commanding the Department of the statue to the War Department. Congressional action is requi

of the statue to the War Department and the appropriation by Congress of money sufficient to complete the base and ap-proaches and put everything about the statue in a sightly condition at least. It is said that this recommendation met with the approval of Secretary Post, and that he will embody the recommendations in his annual report.

that he will embody the recommendations in his annual report.

Capt. MacArthur also has taken an active interest in the statue. Last May he was instrumental in starting the publication of a weekly paper at Fort Wood, called the Liberty Gazette. He edits it, and the printing is done by the enlisted men. It contains a history and description of the statue, items of interest to dwellers on the island, the registry of those who visit the island, a history of Bedlow's Island and brief directory of places of interest about New York. The last issue contains an editorial beweiling the abolishment of the canteen, as well as the following poem:

Two soldiers stood upon the beach, Their mien was grave and sad. Said Rooky Jenkins to his friend "Dear Bill, I'm getting mad.

T're money in my purse, old man, The ghost has walked, and so This soda water canteen place Seems just a trifle slow. "The drought I have is dreadful strong, Bill, what say, let's swipe a boat And try Communipaw

"Where am I at! Great Scott, my bead! The Guard House, I'd be d...! That Jersey lightning's awful stuff, It chews to best the band. "I wish the W. C. T. U. Could have my pains and aches, Likewise the month I'm sure to get. And the danger I run from snakes. "They'd surely very quick repeal.
The crime they made a law.
Then two beers a day and save my pay.
And forewell to Communipaw."

printers get whatever profit accrues. Capt. MacArthur hopes to awaken in the general public an interest in the statue through the medium of the Gazette. MANITOBA'S WHEAT CROP.

Copies of the paper are sold as souvening visitors at the island, and the soldier

It is Fatimated at \$2,000,000 Bushela and Is the Best on Record. QUEREC, Aug. 17. The Manitoba wheat harvest is by long odds the best on record. The farmers of the prairie province expect to harvest at least 52,000,000 bushele of wheat. They require the assistance of 20,000 extra men in the work. The rail-

road is carrying farm laborers all the way from eastern Canada to western Manitoba for \$10 each, knowing that it will be recouped for the loss on this passenger business by the increased grain it will carry as the result of these men's labor, and that unless men can be had for harvesting Manitoba's phenomenal wheat crop the greater part of it will be lost.

The cutting of grain began last week, Within a day or two of the opening operations. 1,800 laborers arrived in Manitoba and were immediately grabbed up by and were immediately grabbed up by farmers who awaited their arrival at all the railway stations. The wages paid average \$50 a month, exclusive of board. Another farmers excursion of 5,000 men reached Winnipeg early this week, and others are now on the ways.

The cold spell of last week aroused some The codd spell of last were a request some fears that the wheat might be injured by frost, but very fortunately the thermometer stapped in Nx downward course at M Fahrenheit and the rain of the magnificent larvest was a verted. Another danger which threshead the crop was rust, and a event up and had care more become a take with no cost to Mr. Carteright beyond the dollar that he would now the boys for alling up the stones. It did not take them long to finish collecting atomes, and then, feeling hot and dusty they went into the house and were really thoughtful enough to put on bathing of that number report rust, and that only two outs.